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# CEREBUS WORLD TOUR BOOK 1995

FEATURING:

•  
THE NAME OF THE GAME IS  
DIAMONDBACK

•  
THE MORNING AFTER

•  
WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN  
ISSUES TWENTY  
AND TWENTY-ONE?

•  
MAGIKING

•  
SILVERSPOON

•  
A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

•  
CEREBUS DREAMS

•  
AND:



by

Chester Brown & Dave Sim



as everyone starts to get a

our book in print. There are a  
ou can overprint by a sufficient  
ou go along. This way, you end  
most logical course of action. All  
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important to switch from back  
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to keep the back issues in print  
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est new readers).

I thought it warranted a more  
keeping your work in print and  
SURE there's enough in your

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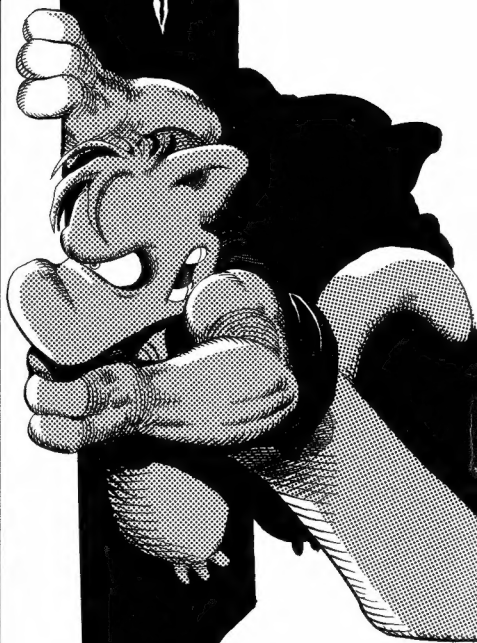


by

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OH  
SHUT  
UP  
SIM!!



# Cerebus the Aardvark

## the name of the game is DIAMONDBACK

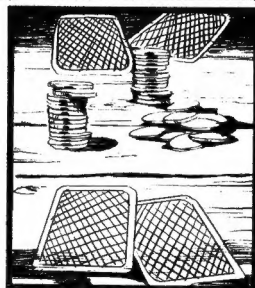
(LAYOUTS BY MARSHALL ROGERS)

**D**URING THOSE "BEST THREE WEEKS OF HIS LIFE" (CEREBUS #11), WHEN CEREBUS HAD MORE MONEY THAN HE HAD EVER DREAMED EXISTED, THE EARTH-PIG HAD SPENT MOST OF HIS DAYS DRINKING AND PLAYING DIAMONDBACK IN THE TAVERNS OF PEDRON. ALTHOUGH SIMILAR TO THE MODERN GAME OF POKER, DIAMONDBACK DIFFERS FROM ITS ANTIKATED PREDECESSOR IN MANY SIGNIFICANT WAYS... AND SO, FOR THOSE NEO-PYNTES OUT THERE, HERE IS A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE AARDVARKIAN AGE GAME OF DIAMONDBACK...



ALTHOUGH THERE WERE NEARLY AS MANY VARIATIONS AS THERE WERE CARDS, CEREBUS PREFERRED THE EARLIEST KNOWN VERSION CALLED KARET... OR "TWO-STEP DIAMONDBACK..."

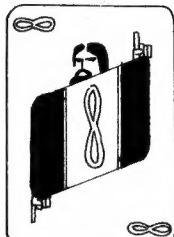
STEP ONE INVOLVED AN ANTE OF VARYING SIZE. FOR THE COMMON FOOT SOLDIER IT WAS MOST OFTEN "QUARBET" - OR A QUARTER OF A COPPER-BIT WAGER. IN THE TAVERNS OF LOWER FELDA, HOWEVER, THE MINIMUM STAKE WOULD USUALLY BE "TEBET" - OR A TEN COPPER-BIT WAGER. AS THIS WOULD CONSTITUTE A WEEK'S WAGES FOR THE AVERAGE FOOT-SOLDIER, IT BECOMES CLEAR HOW "TEBET" CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE "RICH MAN'S FOLLY." TWO CARDS WERE DEALT TO EACH PLAYER, EXAMINED AND TURNED FACE-DOWN. THE DEALER THEN MADE A WAGER WHICH HIS OPPONENT (DIAMONDBACK SELDOM INVOLVED MORE THAN TWO PLAYERS) WAS REQUIRED TO DOUBLE IF HE WISHED TO REMAIN IN THE GAME.



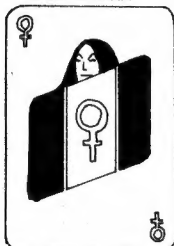
AFTER THIS INITIAL WAGER, IN STEP TWO EACH PLAYER TURNED ONE CARD FACE-UP. AGAIN THE DEALER INITIATE THE BETTING, WITH EACH WAGER HAVING TO BE DOUBLED. IN STEP TWO, HOWEVER, THERE WAS NO LIMIT TO THE NUMBER OF TIMES THE DEALER COULD ESCALATE THE WAGER. HE COULD CONTINUE BETTING UNTIL EITHER HIS MONEY RAN OUT, OR HIS OPPONENT WAS DRIVEN FROM THE GAME...

WHEN THE DEALER FINALLY DID CALL A HALT TO THE BETTING, THE SECOND CARD WAS TURNED OVER AND THE BEST HAND TOOK THE ACCUMULATED COPPER BITS...

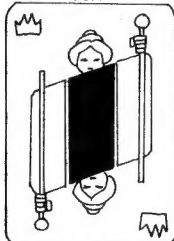
THE DEALER CONTINUED TO BET AND DEAL EACH HAND UNTIL HE HAD ONE OF HIS HANDS BEATEN OR HE HAD NO MONEY LEFT WITH WHICH TO BET...



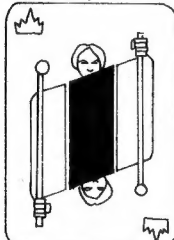
THE MAGICIAN



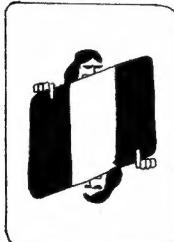
THE PRIESTESS



THE QUEEN



THE KING



THE PRIEST

# The Hands

MAGICIAN - PRIESTESS  
PRIESTESS - PRIESTESS ...60 PTS.

MAGICIAN - QUEEN  
MAGICIAN - KING ...50 PTS.

PRIESTESS - KING  
PRIESTESS - QUEEN ....45 PTS.

PRIESTESS - PRIEST  
QUEEN - KING  
MAGICIAN - PRIEST ...40 PTS.

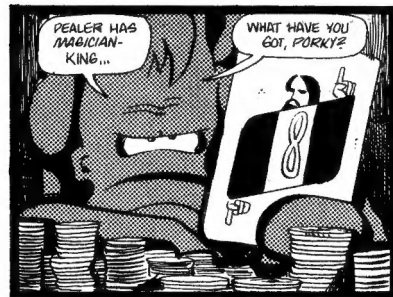
QUEEN - QUEEN  
KING - KING ...35 PTS.

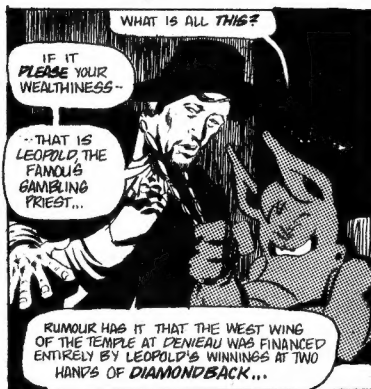
QUEEN - PRIEST  
KING - PRIEST ...30 PTS.

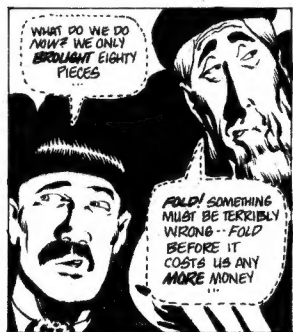
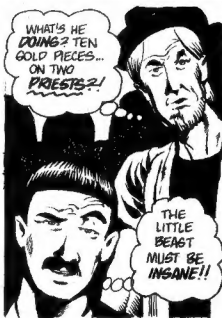
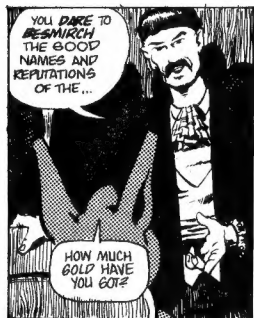
PRIEST - PRIEST ...25 PTS.















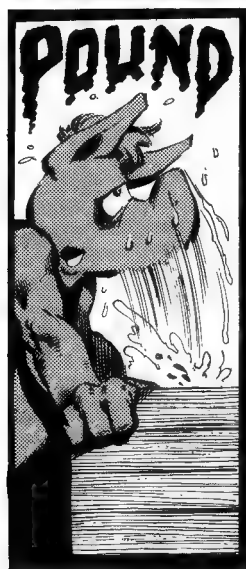
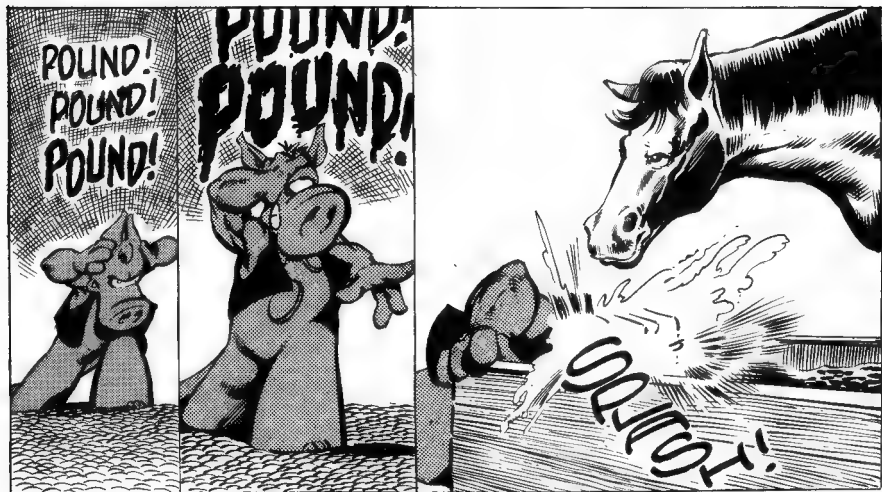


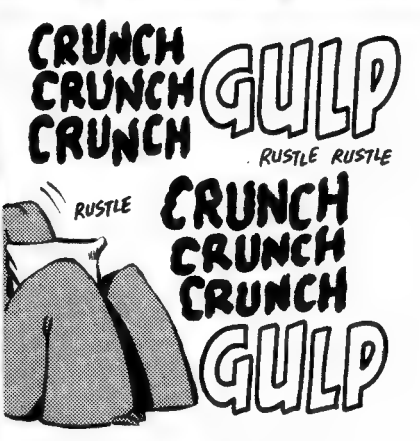
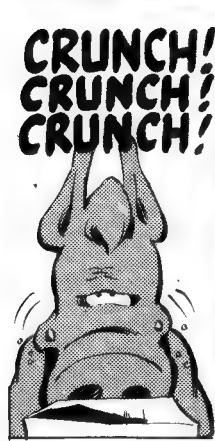
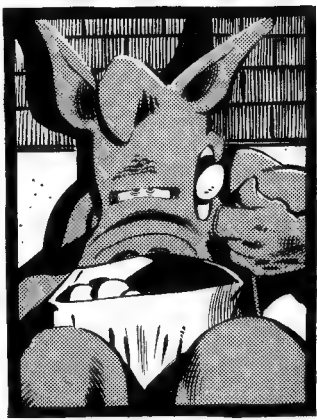
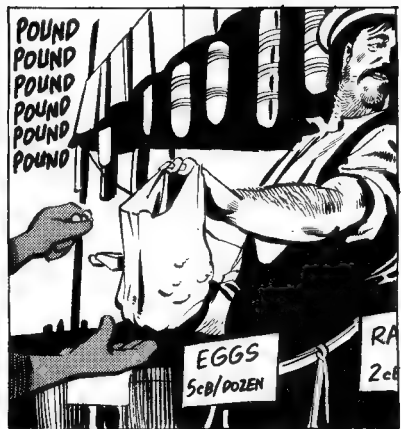
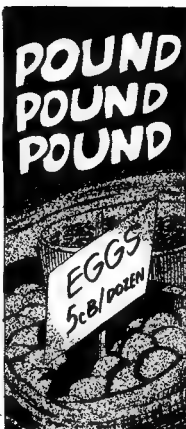




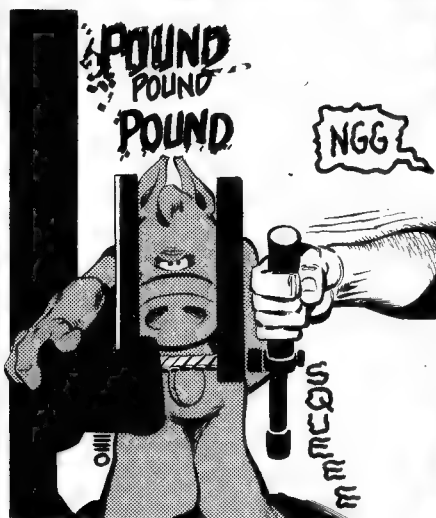
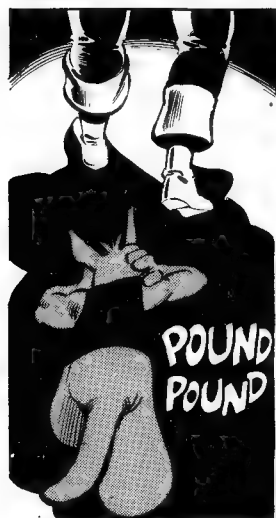
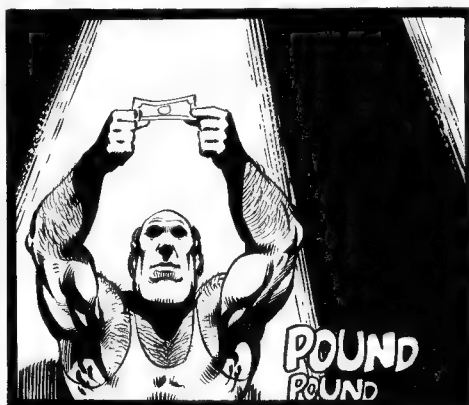
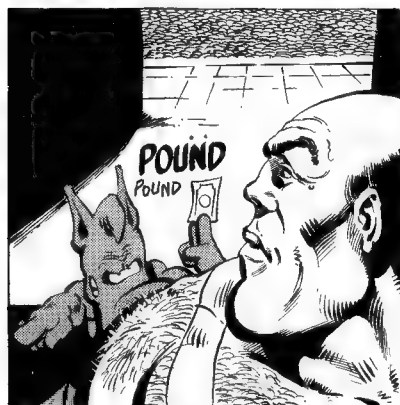
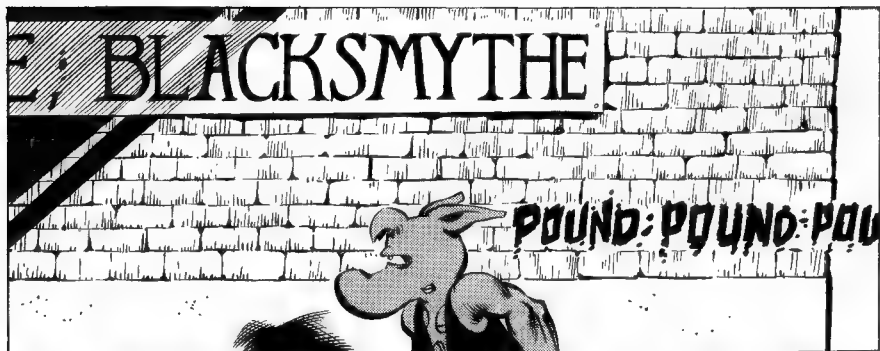
Drawing Inks - Joe Rubinstein

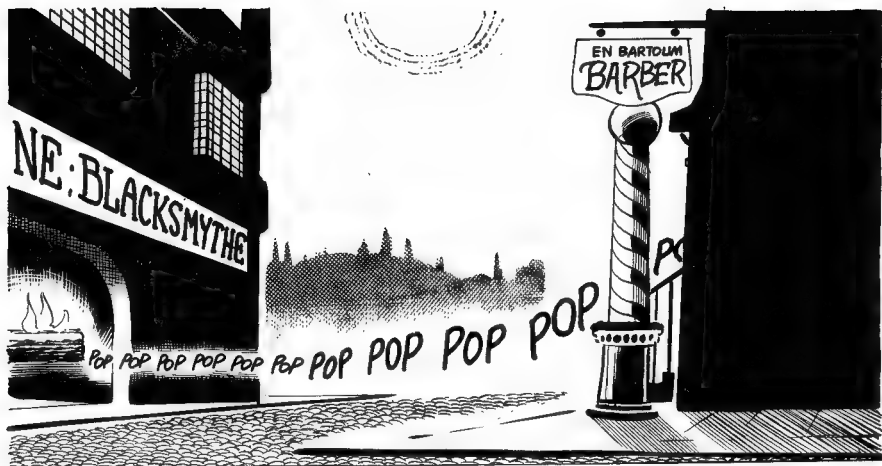
Lettering Inks - Mike Higgins

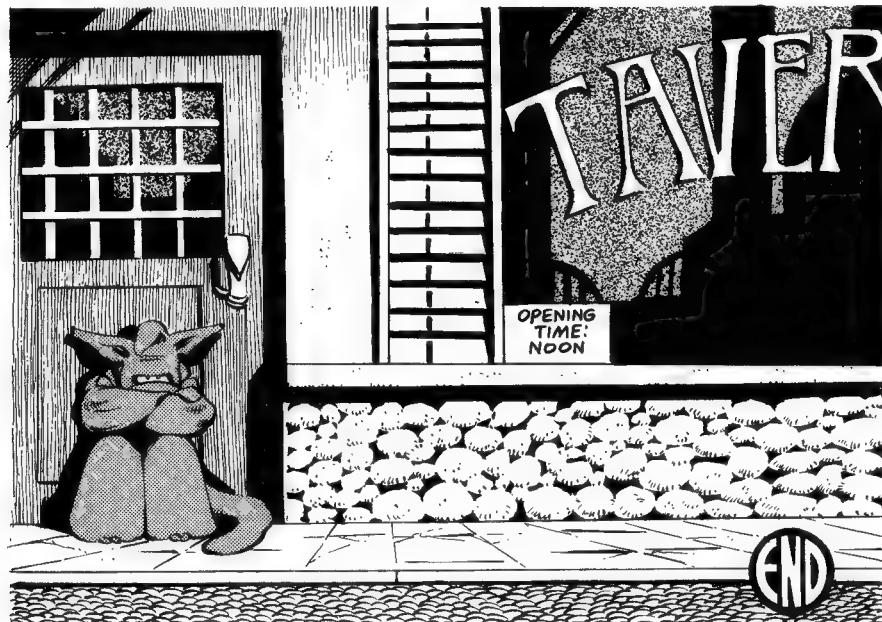
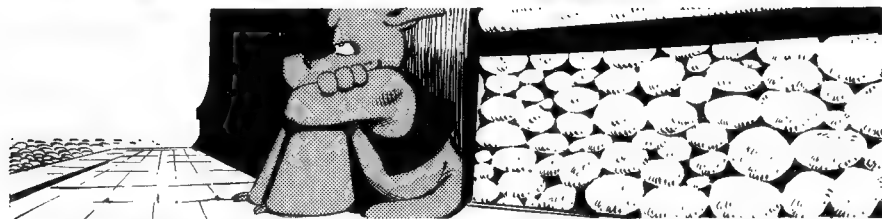
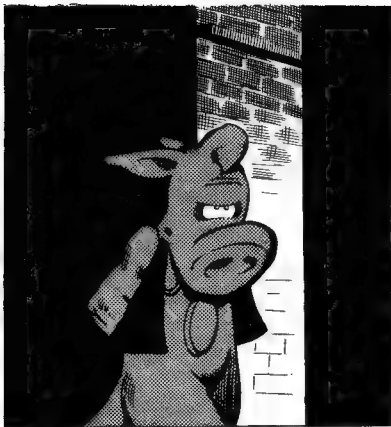
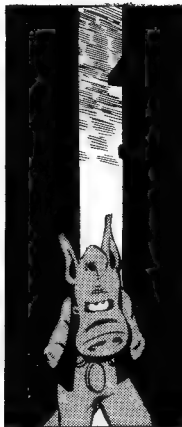




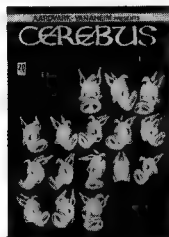








# Cerebus the Aardvark



## What Happened Between Issues **twenty & twenty-one**



SECONDS AFTER WENPA HAS DEPARTED, THE DOOR TO HER APARTMENT SWINGS OPEN. FADING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE ROOM, THE SLIGHT FIGURE MOVES SWIFLY, UNROLLING A LARGE CLOTH SACK, GLANCING NERVOUSLY OUT THE WINDOW, HE SETS TO WORK...

HE KNOWS THE RISK INVOLVED IN TAKING THE AARDVARK. HIS ORDERS HAD BEEN TO WATCH THE APARTMENT AND TO NOTE ANY ARRIVALS OR DEPARTURES. THE REALIZATION THAT THE AARDVARK WAS ALONE AND STILL UNCONSCIOUS HAD PROVED TOO GREAT A TEMPTATION



HIS HEART POUNDS AS A DOZEN SECONDS TICK BY. "FOUR THOUSAND CROWNING FOR THE AARDVARK ALIVE." SO MUCH MONEY, AT LAST HE WOULD BE ABLE TO LEAVE THE INTRIGUE AND SKULLDUGGERY OF TOOTH BEHIND. AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS CAME ONLY ONCE IN A GREAT WHILE. LET THE OTHERS DO AS THEY WERE TOLD FOR A HANDFUL OF COPPER BITS... EVEN WAS SMARTER THAN ALL OF THEM. SMARTER THAN TEPIN -- SMARTER THAN MEIGRE, SMARTER, EVEN, THAN...









STRANGIS WATCHES THE BARDVARK VANISH INTO THE RED HORN TAVERN. HE COULDN'T RISK AN ABDUCTION IN A PUBLIC PLACE... HE WOULD JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE BEAST TO EMERGE AND THEN FOLLOW HIM.  
FOR HIS PART, CEREBUS FEELS AN OVERWHELMING NEED FOR A DRINK. THE SIDEWALK SEEMS TO BUCKLE AND TWIST UNDER HIS FEET AS HE WEAVES TOWARD THE TAVERN. HE IS UNAWARE THAT THE DRUGS ADMINISTERED TO HIM BY PERCE AND WENPA ARE ACTIVATED BY ALCOHOL.



BEFORE HE HAS DOWNED HALF A GLASS OF ALE, HIS CONDITION BEGINS TO WORSEN. HIS ARMS AND LEGS FEEL LIKE LEAD WEIGHTS AND HIS EYES REFUSE TO FOCUS FOR MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS AT A TIME...



ATTEMPTING TO LEAVE, HE MISTAKENLY USES THE REAR EXIT, NOT REALIZING THAT HE HAS JUST SAVED HIMSELF FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE MURDEROUS MR. STRANGIS. BY THE TIME HIS SNOUT STRIKES THE PAVEMENT, HE IS UNCONSCIOUS.





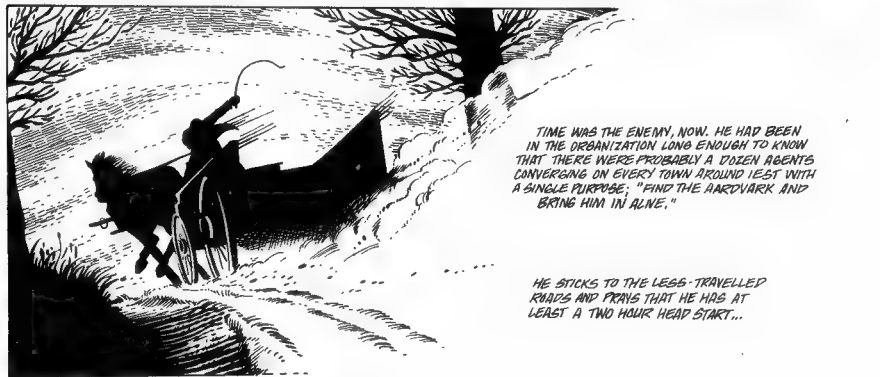
BY PROCLAMATION OF HIS HOLINESS, FREAK SHOWS WERE NOT PERMITTED IN IEST, AND SO IT IS THAT CEREBUS, COMATOSE BUT STILL BREATHING, SPENDS THE NEXT TWO WEEKS TOURING THE SURROUNDING TOWNS AND VILLAGES. IT IS NOT UNTIL THE SHOW REACHES THE LARGER TOWN OF HARPENGATE THAT HE IS ONCE AGAIN RECOGNIZED...



HE IS B'REN KAEI, EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT TO THE REEVE OF HARPENGATE, ON A ROUTINE INSPECTION VISIT TO THE FREAK SHOW. FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS, HE NEGOTIATES WITH THE OWNER TO PURCHASE THE AARDVARK, FEARING THAT AT ANY MOMENT ANOTHER MIDDLE-LEVEL BUREAUCRAT MIGHT MAKE THE SAME DISCOVERY. SEVERAL TIMES A DEAL IS ALMOST STRUCK ONLY TO BE NEGATED BY THE OWNER. ONE HUNDRED CROWNS. TWO HUNDRED. FIVE. EIGHT. ONE THOUSAND. FINALLY, B'REN SIGNS A BANK DRAUGHT THAT VIRTUALLY DRAINS HIS SAVINGS TO THE LAST HALF-BIT...



THE OWNER HAD DECIDED HE COULD LIVE WITH A MODEST EIGHT THOUSAND PER CENT PROFIT MARGIN.



TIME WAS THE ENEMY, NOW. HE HAD BEEN IN THE ORGANIZATION LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THERE WERE PROBABLY A DOZEN AGENTS CONVERGING ON EVERY TOWN AROUND IEST WITH A SINGLE PURPOSE: "FIND THE AARDVARK AND BRING HIM IN ALIVE."

HE STICKS TO THE LESS-TRAVELLED ROADS AND PRAYS THAT HE HAS AT LEAST A TWO HOUR HEAD START...





HE - HE COST ME TWELVE  
HUNDRED CROWNS! MY LIFE'S  
SAVINGS! MONEY I SCRIMPED  
AND BAVED-- YEARS AND...

... YEARS.

IF I COULD JUST GET IT BACK.  
I ONLY WANTED TO HELP OUR  
CAUSE! IF YOU COULD EVEN JUST  
GIVE ME HALF OF IT...!



IF THAT IS  
**UNREASONABLE**  
I WOULD EVEN  
...

NO.

NO.

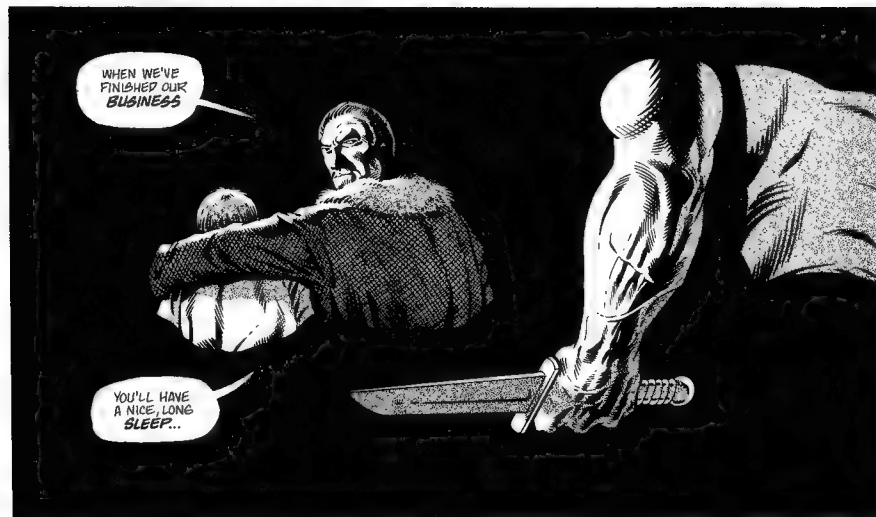
THAT'S QUITE  
REASONABLE  
...



LET'S GO HAVE A  
**LOOK** AT HIM,  
SHALL WE?

YOU BEEN...  
TIRE*D*, B'REN.

YES. YES. I HAVEN'T HAD A  
MOMENT'S REST SINCE I  
FOUND HIM. TIRE*D*. NEVER  
BEEN SO...



WHEN WE'VE  
FINISHED OUR  
**BUSINESS**

YOU'LL HAVE  
A NICE, LONG  
**SLEEP...**



IT WAS CLUMSY...  
LETTING STRANGERS  
GET THAT CLOSE.  
I THOUGHT WE HAD  
LOST HIM FOR  
GOOD...

STRANGIS IS  
THE LEAST OF OUR  
WORRIES, NOW.



HIS BREATH-  
ING IS TOO  
SHALLOW. THE  
PULSE IS WEAK.  
WE CAN'T AFFORD  
THE RISK OF  
DRUGGING HIM  
AGAIN...

AND HE'S ALREADY  
STARTED TO REGAIN  
CONSCIOUSNESS



IF HE DOES, HE'LL  
BE OFF TO REJOIN  
GUDRE AND THAT  
WILL BE THE END  
OF HIM...

WE'LL JUST  
HAVE TO DRUG  
HIM ANYWAY

AND I'M TELLING  
YOU THAT HE STANDS  
A BETTER CHANCE WITH  
THE T'BITANS THAN HE  
DOES GETTING  
DRUGGED...



JUDGING THE RAPID RATE  
OF HIS RECOVERY, WE'RE  
GOING TO HAVE TO FIGURE  
OUT WHAT TO DO...

...SOON! IT'S A  
MATTER OF HOURS  
--MAYHAP A DAY,  
AT BEST.

SO LET HIM RECOVER!  
WE CAN TIE HIM DOWN,  
AND WHEN HE'S FULLY  
AWAKE...

...WE CAN  
DRUG HIM AGAIN,  
SAFELY!



WE HAVE NO WAY  
OF KNOWING HOW MUCH  
OF THE DRUG IS STILL  
IN HIS SYSTEM...

AND IF HE'S CONSUMED  
ANY ALCOHOL, WHICH HE LIKELY  
HAS, EVEN A HALF-GRAIN  
COULD KILL HIM...



I DO HAVE A SUGGESTION... IF I TAKE HIM  
BACK TO BEDUIN WITH ME, I CAN USE MY  
FORGED PAPERS TO GET HIM INSIDE.  
HE'LL HAVE TO STAY UNTIL THE BAN ON  
TRAVEL IS LIFTED...

BY THAT TIME, GUDRE'S  
TROOPS WILL HAVE BEEN  
DECEIMATED BY LORD  
GORCE...

AND MAYBE OUR LITTLE  
FRIEND HERE WILL LEARN  
A VALUABLE LESSON...

I WOULD, HOWEVER,  
HAVE TO LEAVE  
IMMEDIATELY



WHICH RATHER  
CONVENIENTLY PRECLUDES  
ANY DISCUSSION, DOESN'T  
IT?

I RATHER SUPPOSE  
IT *DOES*, YES.

IF YOU'RE  
PLANNING TO  
*CROSS* ME,  
ASTORIA

I WOULDN'T *DREAM*  
OF IT, SIR GERRIK,  
ANYMORE THAN...

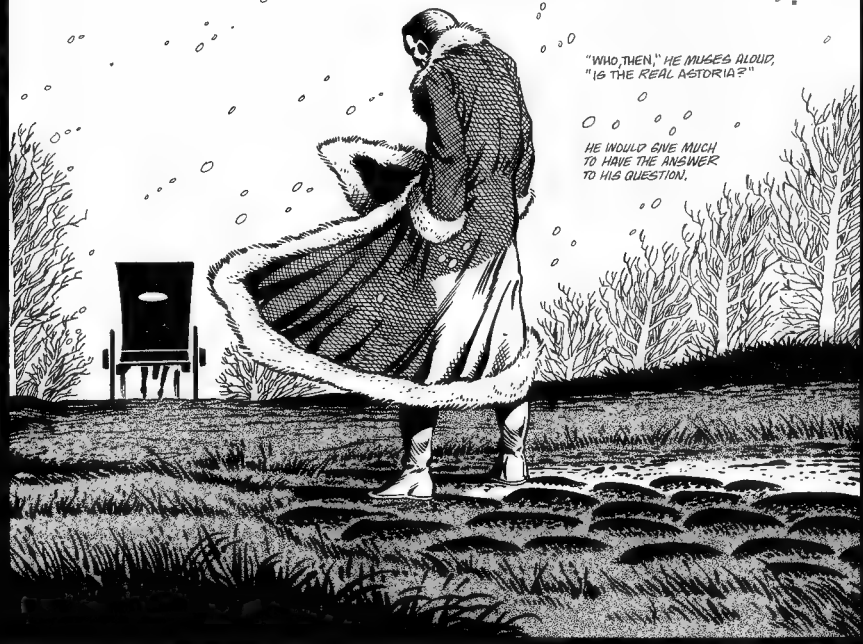
...YOU  
WOULD.

AS HE WATCHES HER CARRIAGE DISAPPEAR  
INTO THE SWIRLING SNOWFALL, SIR GERRIK  
THINKS AGAIN THAT HE IS A FOOL TO TRUST  
THIS FRAIL YOUNG WOMAN...

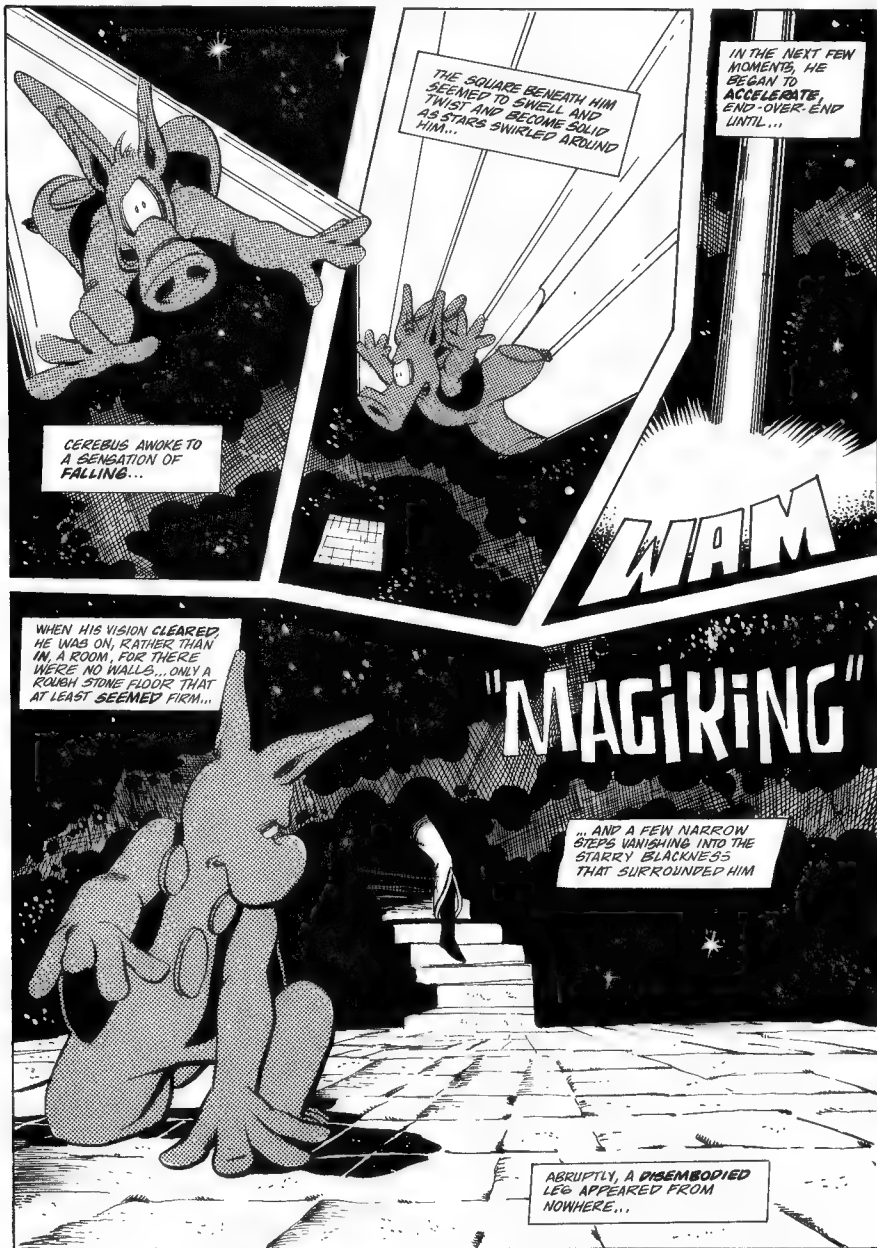
HE HAS KNOWN HER FOR YEARS BUT  
THINKING BACK, HE CAN RECALL NOTHING  
BUT AN ENDLESS SUCCESSION OF MASKS,  
POSTURINGS AND AFFECTATIONS...

"WHO, THEN," HE MUSES ALOUD,  
"IS THE REAL ASTORIA?"

HE WOULD GIVE MUCH  
TO HAVE THE ANSWER  
TO HIS QUESTION.



# CEREBUS



CEREBUS AWOKED  
TO A SENSATION OF  
FALLING...

THE SQUARE BENEATH HIM  
SEEMED TO SWELL AND  
TWIST AND BECOME SOLID  
AS STARS SWIRLED AROUND  
HIM...

IN THE NEXT FEW  
MOMENTS, HE  
BEGAN TO  
ACCELERATE,  
END-OVER-END  
UNTIL...

WAM

WHEN HIS VISION CLEARED  
HE WAS ON, RATHER THAN  
IN, A ROOM, FOR THERE  
WERE NO WALLS... ONLY A  
ROUGH STONE FLOOR THAT  
AT LEAST SEEMED FIRM...

"MAGIKING"

... AND A FEW NARROW  
STEPS VANISHING INTO THE  
STARRY BLACKNESS  
THAT SURROUNDED HIM

ABRUPTLY, A DISEMBODIED  
LEG APPEARED FROM  
NOWHERE...

...SOON JOINED  
BY A HUMAN  
FORM...

ANOTHER  
INTRUDER?

WHAT  
MANNER OF  
BEAST  
ARE YOU?

I AM CEREBUS THE  
AARDVARK... AN EARTH-  
PIG BORN... AND I  
WOULD KNOW WHAT  
PLACE THIS IS OR...

THE BOOK  
OF  
BEASTIES

YOU ARE QUITE DECIDELY  
NOT HUMAN -- THOUGH  
YOU DO HAVE THE MANNERS  
OF A BARBARIAN --

ONCE I FIND WHAT  
AN AARDVARK IS,  
I WILL BE ABLE  
TO...

ZOUNDS!  
SUCH A THING  
CANNOT BE...  
THE BOOK HAS  
NO LISTING!

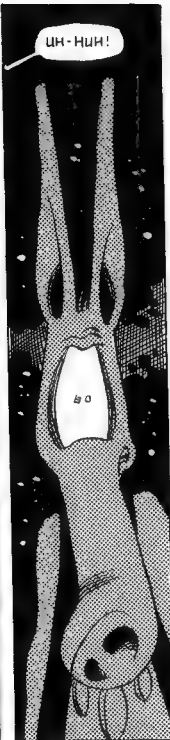
IF YOU'RE NOT  
A BEASTIE, A  
FEW TESTS WOULD  
SEEM TO BE IN  
ORDER...



**RAXUS SAXUS**  
ROMANO DAY!  
IPSO-TIPSO  
TEMPUS AWAY...

FOUR LONG TINS  
THAT ROLL HOMEY  
HEAVEN'S KNEES  
NOW COME NIGH

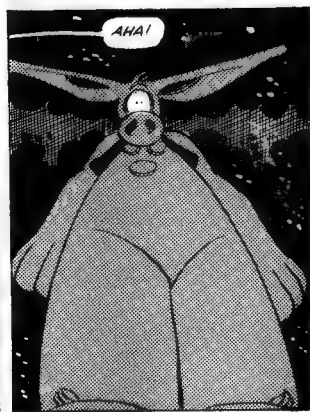
BY THE BEARD OF  
Z'HIN Z'HOMEIE  
I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!



UH-HUH!



MMM M...  
... YES...



AHA!



EITHER YOU'RE  
TEN PERCENT FJR  
AND NINETY PER-  
CENT **SILLY PUTTY**

...OR I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING IN THE  
**WRONG BOOK.**

AHA!

**AARDVARKS!**





PERHAPS  
I SHOULD  
EXPLAIN...

"A FEW CENTURIES AGO, MAGIC FLOURISHED IN THE WORLD... DEVELOPMENTS CAME QUICKLY FOR SOME REASON... ANSWERS TO RIDDLES UNGUESSED FOR MILLENNIA BECAME READILY APPARENT! ABILITIES THAT HAD BEEN THE PROVINCE OF THE MOST PROFICIENT BECAME CHILD'S PLAY FOR THE HUMBLEST CONJUROR! FOR A TIME, MAGIC ENJOYED A RENAISSANCE..."



"COMPETITION WAS FIERCE AS EACH MAGICIAN strove TO OUTDO THE OTHER IN HIS MAGIC..."



"BUT, EVIL MAGICIANS, TOO, ENJOYED A GOLDEN AGE... AND, IN TIME, ONE OF THESE FOUND THE KEY TO UNLIMITED POWER! A WISER MAGICIAN WOULD HAVE EXERCISED CAUTION, BUT, DRUNK WITH POWER, HE UNLEASHED THE FULL FORCE OF HIS CREATION"

THE RESULTING INFERNO ERASED HIS POWERS! SO FAR-FLUNG WAS THE EFFECT THAT ONLY A HANDFUL OF MAGICIANS ESCAPED... OTHERS WERE REDUCED TO ABILITIES OF MASS HYPNOTISM AND CONJURE...



BY UNSPOKEN AGREEMENT, GOOD MAGICIANS WHO WERE UNAFFECTED LOCATED NEAR THEIR EVIL COUNTERPARTS TO PREVENT WIDE-SCALE ABUSE OF THE POWER THAT REMAINED...



WHICH BRINGS  
ME TO YOUR  
IMPORTANCE  
IN ALL THIS...

THAT'S  
GOOD...

CEREBUS  
WAS STARTING  
TO FALL ASLEEP

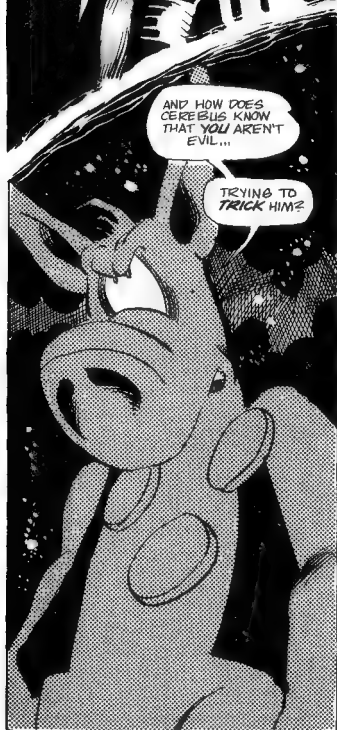


THE NATURE OF AN  
AARDVARK IN MAGIC  
IS THAT OF AN MAGNIFYING  
GLASS...

YOU CONCENTRATE AND  
MAGNIFY A SPELL MANY  
MANY TIMES



THE BALANCE OF GOOD AND  
EVIL IS DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN  
...WITH YOUR COOPERATION  
I CAN CREATE A MIGHTY  
MAGICAL WEAPON THAT  
WILL TIP THE BALANCE  
IN FAVOUR OF GOOD...



AND HOW DOES  
CEREBUS KNOW  
THAT YOU AREN'T  
EVIL...

TRYING TO  
TRICK HIM?



BECAUSE I  
AM INTUNE  
WITH THE  
UNIVERSE

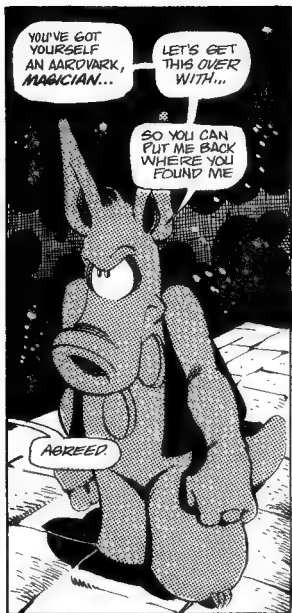
BECAUSE  
I SEEK  
GROWTH AND  
LIGHT

BECAUSE I  
ENDURE  
ALL...

IN MY PURSUIT  
OF A LONG AND  
FRUITFUL LIFE

SO DOES  
THE AVERAGE  
TREE





YOU'VE GOT  
YOURSELF  
AN AARDVARK,  
MAGICIAN...

LET'S GET  
THIS OVER  
WITH...

SO YOU CAN  
PUT ME BACK  
WHERE YOU  
FOUND ME

AGREED



IN MINUTES, ALL IS IN READINESS  
AND A SOMEWHAT SULLEN EARTH-  
PIG BRACES HIMSELF...

ASHTOTH, OTHULLI  
KIKI DEE! MUMBO  
JUMBO, AARDVARK  
PLEA...

BRING ME A  
WEAPON OF  
UNMATCHED  
MIGHT...



THAT DARKNESS  
MIGHT KNOW  
THE LIGHT OF  
PURITY!

THAT  
DOESN'T  
RHYME!

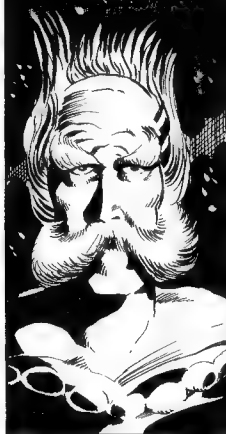
I'M A MAGICIAN,  
AARDVARK...  
NOT A POET!

THE PULSATING LIGHT SUBSIDES!  
THE MAGICIAN IS DRAINED BY  
THE ORREAL...

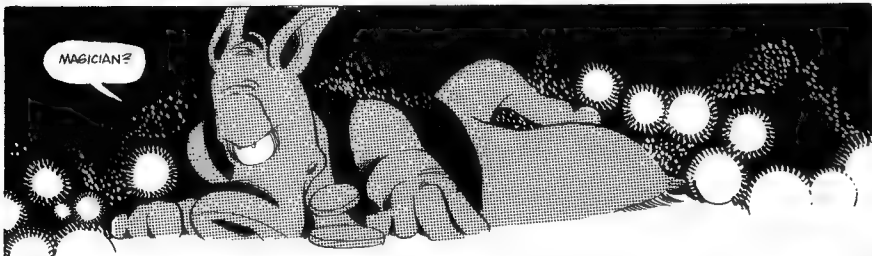
BUT AT LEAST NOW  
HE HAD HIS...



...WEAPON?



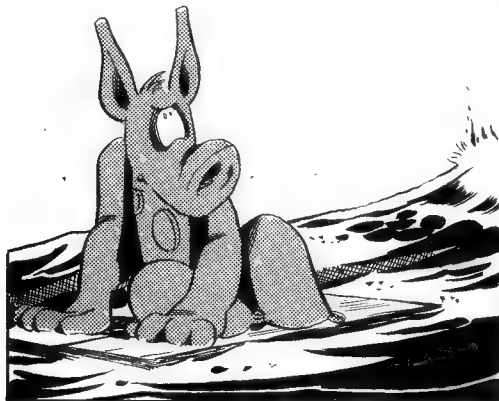
MAGICIAN?



FULLY AWAKE NOW, CEREBUS  
REALIZED HE WAS BACK  
AGAIN WHERE HE HAD  
BEGUN...

...PENNILESS AND  
ADrift ON THE  
FELD RIVER!

A DREAM? OR DID THE MAGICIAN  
NOW HAVE HIS ULTIMATE WEAPON  
OF "UNMATCHED NIGHT"?



ELSEWHERE, THE  
MAGICIAN WAS  
WONDERING WHAT  
HE WAS GOING  
TO DO...

...WITH A  
HUGE IRON  
CARRIAGE...

...AND NO  
HORSES.

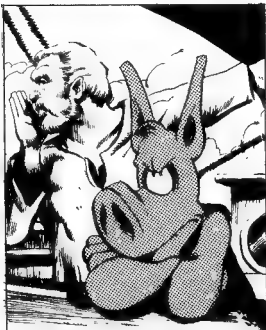




# Cerebus THE AARDVARK



**SYNOPSIS:** HAVING DECIDED TO LEAVE LOWER FELDA BEHIND, CEREBUS MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PORT CITY OF DENIEAU, WHERE HE BOOKS PASSAGE...



ON THE TRADING VESSEL CUTTER BOUND FOR HOME -- THE CITY-STATE OF PALNU



"IT IS A RARE SUMMER'S DAY" CRIED THE SICKENINGLY CHEERFUL SON OF THE DIRECTOR OF TRADE AT PALNU.



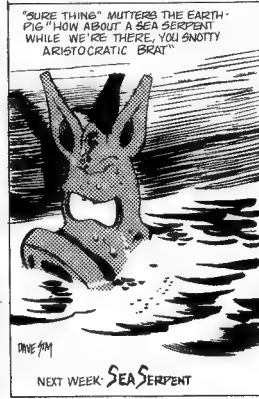
"IT HAS THE SMELL OF NEW ADVENTURE TO IT" SMILES YOUNG LORD SILVERSPoon TURNING HIS FACE TO THE SUN



"AND A HOLD FILLED WITH WINE AND SPICES" HE CHUCKLES. "FATHER WILL BE SO PROUD!"



"BUT NOW, WE GET SAIL FOR THE BAY OF SUNSHEE -- AND WHO KNOWS WHAT PIRATES AND BRIGANDS WE SHALL ENCOUNTER IN OUR TRAVELS?" HE BUBBLES FLINGING OUT HIS ARM, CARELESSLY.



"SURE THING" MUTTERS THE EARTH-PIG "HOW ABOUT A SEA SERPENT WHILE WE'RE THERE, YOU SNOTTY ARISTOCRATIC BRAT"

DAVE SIM

NEXT WEEK: SEA SERPENT

# Cerebus THE AARDVARK



"GREAT ARIM" CRIES THE CREW IN UNISON, "IT IS A SEA SERPENT."



"ONE SIDE, EARTH-PIG" CRIES SILVER- SPOON, "THIS IS MY SPECIALTY"



"SOMEONE HELP ME GET THE ROWBOAT INTO THE WATER," HE ADDS, "AND BRING ME A SWORD"



"WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT THING" QUERIES CEREBUS, "IT'S MOSTLY MADE OF ANIMAL FAT AND PLASTER AND SNAKE SKIN," ANSWERS DHUFI, ONE OF THE MERCHANTS "WE MAKE A HABIT OF DROPPING IT INTO THE WATER AT LEAST ONCE PER VOYAGE, SO THAT HIS LORDSHIP HAS THE ADVENTURE HE SEEKS"

"BUT ISN'T THIS A RATHER TIME-CONSUMING WAY TO HUMOUR HIM?" ASKS THE EARTH-PIG, AS SILVER- SPOON HACKS A LARGE PIECE OUT OF THE 'SERPENT'

"POSSIBLY, BUT IT'S EASIER TO LIVE WITH THAN HIS LORDSHIP'S OTHER INTEREST"

"WHICH IS WHAT?"



"ENGAGING ONLY PIRATE VESSELS IN EXTENDED NAVAL BATTLES, AND FIGHTING TO THE LAST" MAN COMES THE REPLY."



"YES" AGREED CEREBUS "I CAN SEE HOW THIS IS A LESS DANGEROUS HOBBY FOR A YOUNG NOBLE"

NEXT WEEK - ONLY PIRATE VESSEL

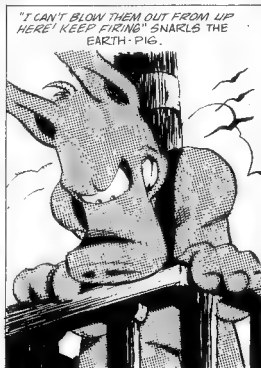
# Cerebus THE ARDVARK



**SYNOPSIS:** WITH BARELY A HALF DOZEN ARMED SOLDIERS, CEREBUS DIRECTS THE DEFENCE OF THE TRADING VESSEL CUTTER, UNDER ATTACK FROM ONLII PIRATES.



ABRUPTLY, "THEY HAVE A CATAPULT! FIRE BALLS COMING THIS WAY--"



"I CAN'T BLOW THEM OUT FROM UP HERE! KEEP FIRING!" SNARLS THE EARTH-PIG.



THE ARROWS, HOWEVER, CONTINUE TO FALL FAR SHORT OF THEIR INTENDED TARGET



AND, INSIDE OF AN HOUR, A MAKESHIFT BUCKET BRIGADE FIGHTS A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST THE INFERNO RAGING AMIDSHIPS



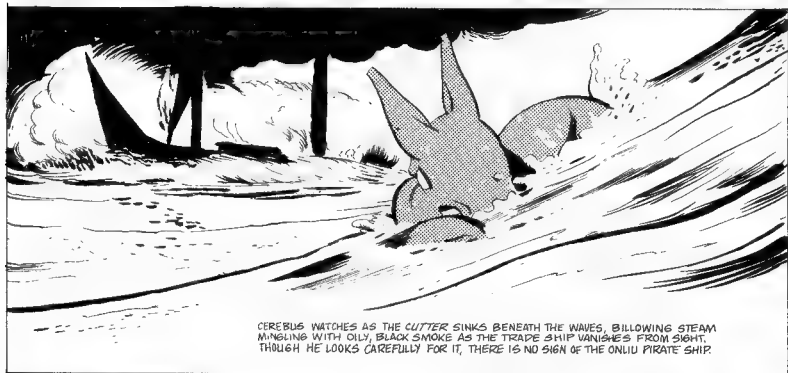
"ABANDON SHIP!" BELLOWES THE ARDVARK. "GRAB ALL NECESSARY PROVISIONS"



"YOU HEARD HIM?" WHINES SILVERSPORN "SOMEONE GET MY CASE OF CHATEAU DEHRSION '26"

NEXT WEEK: SHIPWRECKED

# Cerebus THE AARDVARK



CEREBUS WATCHES AS THE CUTTER SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES, BILLOWING STEAM MINGLING WITH OILY, BLACK SMOKE AS THE TRADE SHIP VANISHES FROM SIGHT. THOUGH HE LOOKS CAREFULLY FOR IT, THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE ONIQUI PIRATE SHIP.



THE CREW, ELECTING TO ATTEMPT THE LONG VOYAGE TO PALINU IN OPEN BOATS, HAS TURNED WEST...



FEELING THE RISK TO BE TOO GREAT, CEREBUS CHOOSES A SMALL SUB TROPICAL ISLAND AS HIS IMMEDIATE DESTINATION.



THOUGH UNSURE OF HIS OWN PLANS HE IS AT LEAST GRATEFUL TO BE RID OF THE ARROGANT AND INSUFFERABLE YOUNG SILVERSPORN



DOUBTLESS, HE HAS JOINED THE CUTTER IN ITS WATERY GRAVE. CEREBUS COULD PICTURE HIM, CLINGING TENACIOUSLY TO HIS WINE AND SPICE CRATES...



"WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE SHOWED UP!" COMES THE FAMILIAR NASAL WHINE. "I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WOULD HAVE TO GO FORAGING FOR MY OWN FOOD, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!"

DANIEL SIM

NEXT : DIVISION OF LABOUR

# Cerebus THE AARDVARK



"IF YOU THINK I INTEND TO FORAGE FOR YOUR MEALS AS WELL AS MY OWN," SNARLS THE EARTH-PIG.



SILVER SPOON CUTS HIM OFF. "NATURALLY MY FATHER WILL PAY YOU WHEN WE REACH PALNU - SHALL WE SAY A HUNDRED GOLD PIECES?"



"TWO HUNDRED!" SNAPS CEREBUS. "AGREED," SMILES SILVER SPOON.



AS HE MOVES OFF IN SEARCH OF SUSTENANCE, CEREBUS WONTERS IF HE HAS WON THE ARGUMENT -- OR LOST IT



A NORTHERNER SINCE BIRTH, CEREBUS SOON FINDS FORAGING A MORE DIFFICULT TASK THAN HE HAD EXPECTED



HE COULD SEPARATE THE POISONOUS FROM THE EDIBLE, BASED ON SHAPES OF GREEN AND BROWN, BUT WAS STYMIED BY THE RAINBOW COLOURED VEGETATION



"AT LEAST" MUTTERS THE EARTH-PIG TO HIMSELF "THAT EXPLAINS WHY HUMANS NEVER SETTLED ON THIS ISLAND."

MEET NATIVES

# Cerebus THE AARDVARK



**SYNOPSIS:** IN EXCHANGE FOR TWO HUNDRED GOLD PIECES PROMISED HIM BY THE YOUNG LORD SILVERSPORN, CEREBUS HAS GONE FORAGING FOR THEIR EVENING MEAL. HIS QUEST IS INTERRUPTED BY TWO ARMED NATIVES



"FROM WHAT I GATHER, THEY WANT US TO GO WITH THEM TO THEIR VILLAGE," SAYS THE EARTH-PIG.



"TELL THEM WE'LL BRING OUT THE BEADS AND THE TRINKETS AFTER WE'VE EATEN," SAYS SILVERSPORN, WAVING OFF THE INTERRUPTION.



"I DON'T THINK THEY WANT TO WAIT THAT LONG," SAYS CEREBUS, RAISING HIS VOICE SLIGHTLY.



"OH, PIFFLE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THESE IGNORANT SAVAGES PUSH YOU AROUND ARE YOU?" ASKS SILVERSPORN, "TELL THEM TO SHUT!"



"CRACK!" SAYS A ROCK AND SILVERSPORN'S FOREHEAD IN UNISON.

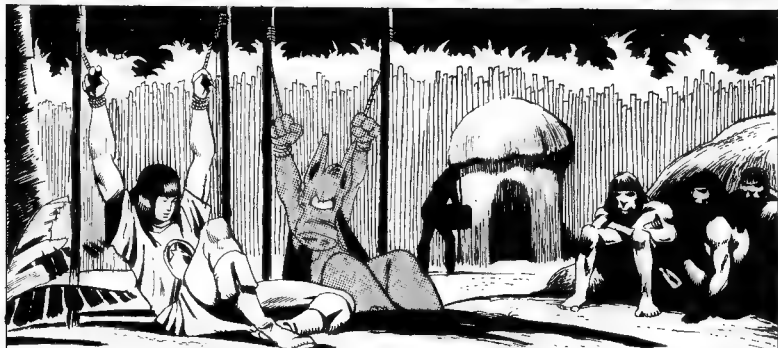


"NOW WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT," PONDERES CEREBUS ALOUD.

NEXT FUN AND GAMES



# Cerebus THE AARDVARK



SILVERSPHOON RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS OVER A PERIOD OF SEVERAL MINUTES, AT LAST RECOGNIZING THE BUZZING IN HIS EARS AS CEREBUS' VOICE "WE'VE BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE; BRAT," GROWLS THE EARTH PIG, "TRY NOT TO MAKE THEM ANY ANGRIER, OKAY"



"RAGGA RAGGA NIMU LUM TUM DIDDY YAH-YAH," SUGGESTS ONE OF THE NATIVES.



"UM TUT SUT LIM LUM BUBBA BUB BUBA BOO" DISAGREES HIS COMPANION



"SHA-BOOM SHA-BOOM" OPINES A THIRD MEMBER OF THE GROUP.



"WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?" ASKS SILVERSPHOON. "THEY'RE BETTING ON WHAT WILL GET US FIRST -- EXPOSURE OR STARVATION," ANSWERS CEREBUS.

NEXT: A STICKY WICKET

# Cerebus THE AARDVARK



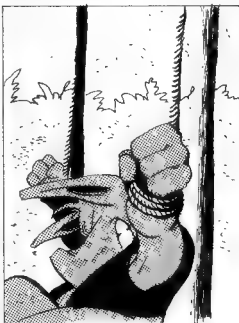
**SYNOPSIS:** CEREBUS AND SILVERSPOON HAVE BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE BY NATIVES WHO HAVE TIED THEM SIDE-BY-SIDE IN THE OPEN. THE TEMPERATURE SOARS EACH DAY AS THE SUN MAKES ITS INFINITELY SLOW CIRCUIT ACROSS THE SKY.



LATE EVENING BRINGS THE POUNDING OF MIDSUMMER RAINS DRENCHING THE LANDSCAPE AS THE SUN SINKS FROM VIEW



THEN, THE LONG HOURS OF NIGHT AND NEAR FREEZING TEMPERATURES UNDER A STAR FILLED SKY...



AS THE SUN BEGINS ITS RISE ONCE MORE INSECTS FEED ON HUMAN AND AARDVARK FLESH..



FOUR DAYS' CEREBUS WAS USED TO SUCH HARSH CONDITIONS BUT WHAT OF THE CITY-BRED BRAT? HOW LONG COULD HE LAST?



"CHATEAU DEHRSIGN '26," GASPS YOUNG SILVERSPORN, FROM BETWEEN PARCHED LIPS. "CHATEAU DEHRSIGN '26"



"HE MAY BE ON THE VERGE OF DEATH," MUSES CEREBUS "BUT HIS BREEDING IS IMPECCABLE."

NEXT: DADDY

# Cerebus

THE AARDVARK



OUR STORY: CEREBUS WAKES TO THE SOUND OF SPLINTERING BAMBOO. ARMED SOLDIERS ARE BREAKING INTO THE SMALL VILLAGE, THE BRONZE-SKINNED NATIVES DROPPING LIKE FLIES IN THE FACE OF SWORDS AND CROSSBOWS. "HEY, BRAT," GRUMBLES THE EARTH-PIG, "VISITORS." "DADDY" CRIES SILVERSPOON, HIS EYES SHINING WITH DELIGHT.



"DADDY" QUERIES THE EARTH-PIG.  
"OF COURSE, SILLY" REPLIES THE  
YOUNG WEIR, "IT'S DADDY AND  
HIS TROOPS COME TO RESCUE ME."



"OVER HERE, DADDY," CRIES SILVERSPOON.  
CEREBUS CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS GOOD  
LUCK! SOON HE WOULD BE RID OF THE  
BRAT AND HAVE HIS REWARD FOR  
SAVING THE BOY'S LIFE.



"HE'LL PROBABLY KILL YOU WHEN  
I TELL HIM HOW YOU KIDNAPPED  
ME" INTONES SILVERSPOON AS A  
SLENDER MAN APPROACHES...

NEXT: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN



A black and white illustration showing a muscular woman with a determined expression, wearing a simple loincloth, leaping from a rocky cliff. She has her arms raised in a powerful pose. Below her, a man with a mustache, wearing a striped tunic, looks up at her with a surprised or admiring expression, his hands gesturing. The background is dark and minimalist, focusing on the characters.

NEXT: PEACE and QUIET

# Cerebus

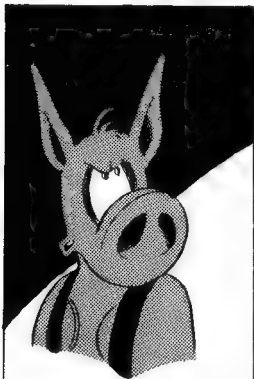
THE  
AARDVARK



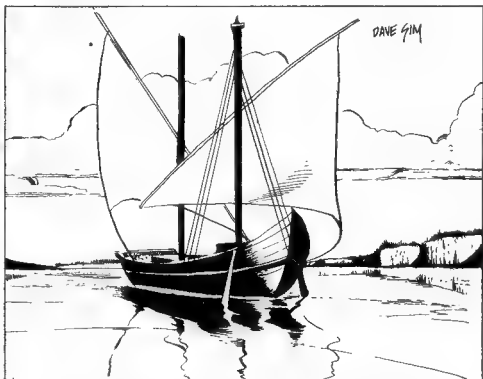
OUR STORY: CEREBUS WATCHES AS SILVERSPORN IS LOADED ABOARD THE SHIP SOON TO BE BOUND FOR PALNU. HIS FATHER, LORD JULIUS, HAS OFFERED TO GIVE CEREBUS FREE PASSAGE ON THE VESSEL AND PROMISES THAT A REWARD AWAITS THE EARTH-PIG WHEN THEY REACH PORT "WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BR... uh... SILVERSPORN WHEN HE WAKES UP," ASKS CEREBUS.



"I HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT," ADMITS LORD JULIUS. "I SUPPOSE I'LL SEND HIM TO A BOY'S MILITARY SCHOOL..."



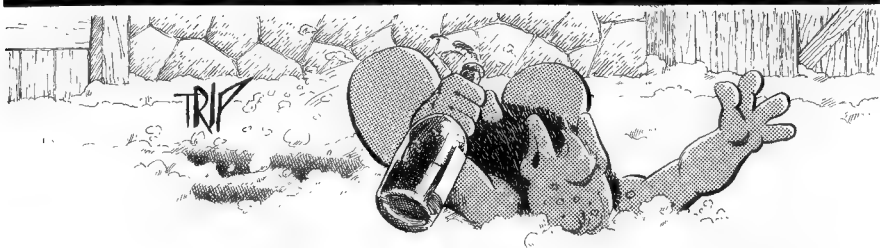
"BUT SILVERSPORN HAS TRAVELLED THE WORLD," VENTURES CEREBUS "WOULDN'T A BOY'S SCHOOL BE A LITTLE BIT... WELL... BORING?"



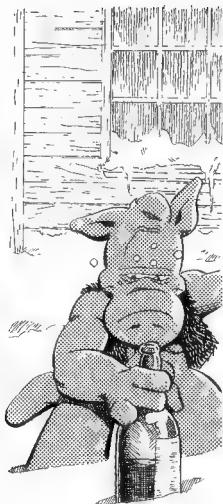
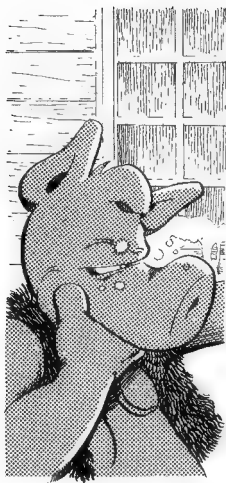
"YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT," AGREES JULIUS -- "MAYBE I'LL SEND HIM TO A GIRL'S SCHOOL INSTEAD..."

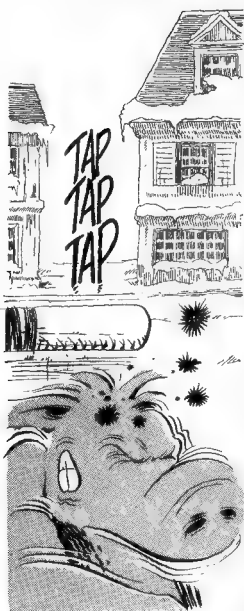
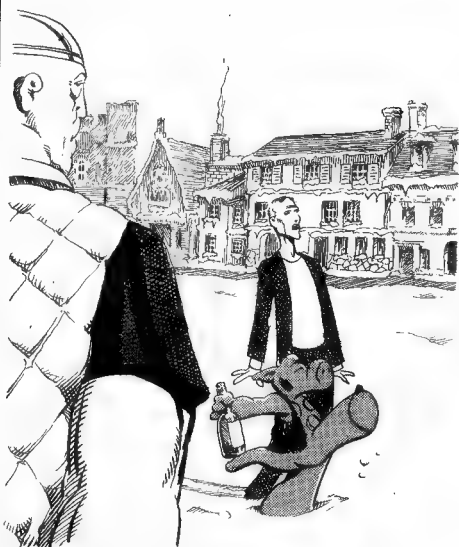
NEXT: A NEW ADVENTURE

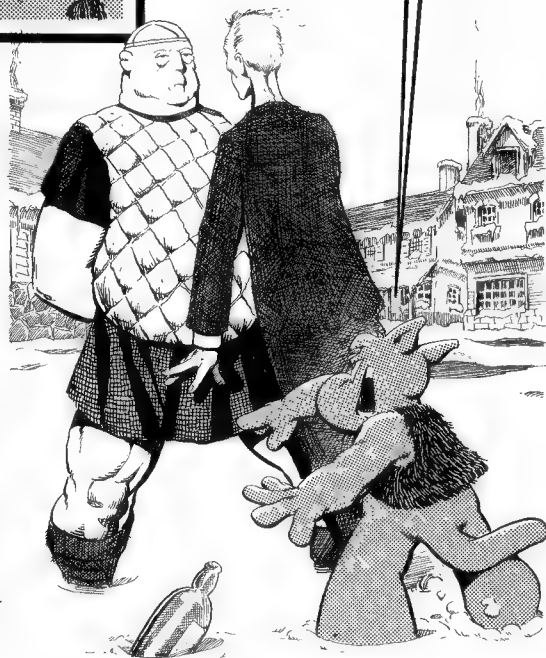
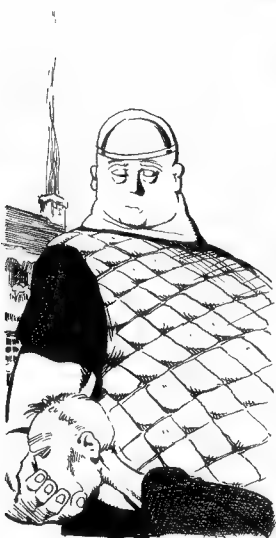
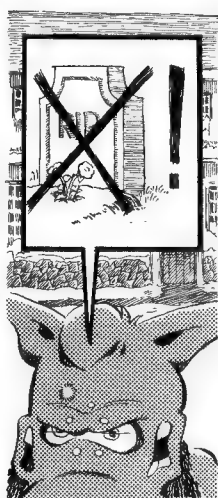
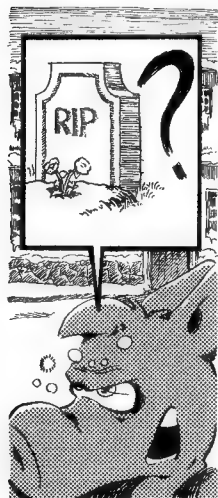
FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN MORE OF LORD JULIUS, THE 'PALNU TRILOGY', CEREBUS #14 'WALLS OF PALNU', CEREBUS #15 'A DAY IN THE PITS', AND CEREBUS #16 'A NIGHT AT THE MASQUE' ARE AVAILABLE FOR \$1.95 EACH FROM NOW AND THEN BOOKS, 105 QUEEN ST. E., KITCHENER, ONTARIO, CANADA -- OR IN QUANTITY FROM SEA-GATE DISTRIBUTORS, BOX 177, CONEY ISLAND 6TH, BROOKLYN, N.Y., 11224 (INQUIRE FOR DISCOUNTS)

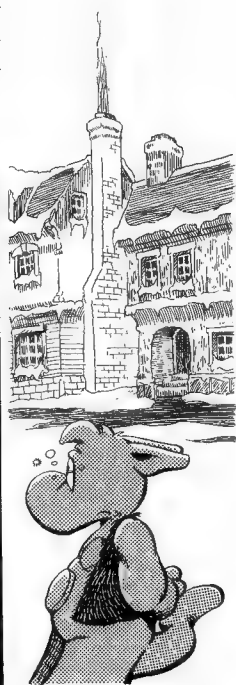
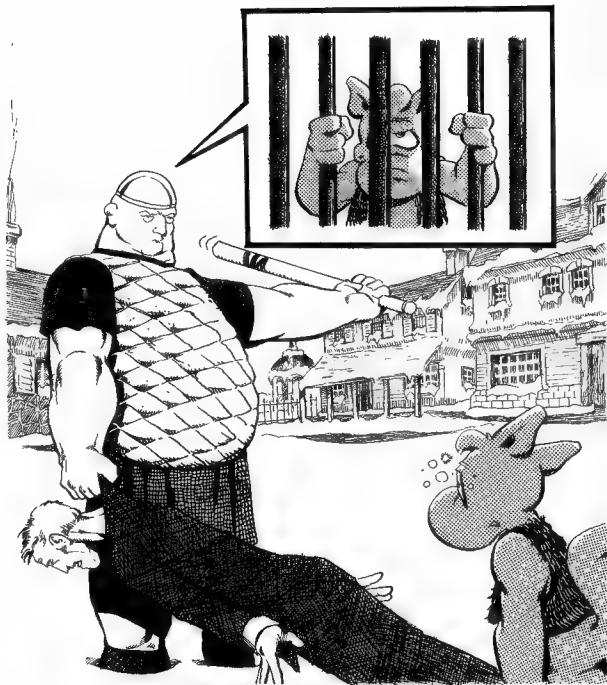


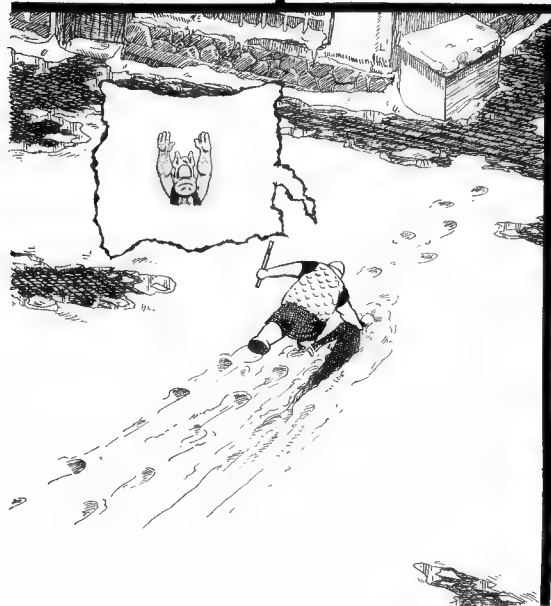


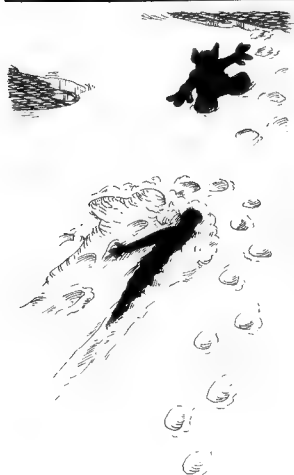
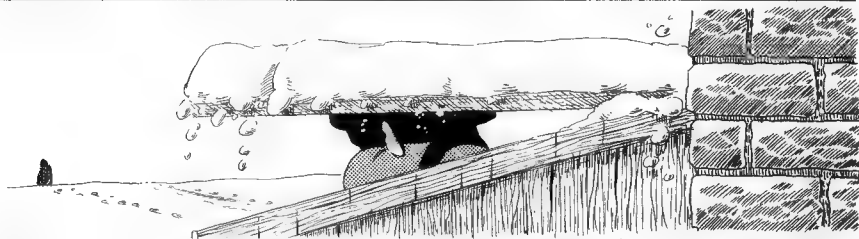
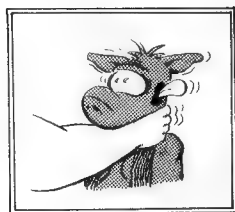












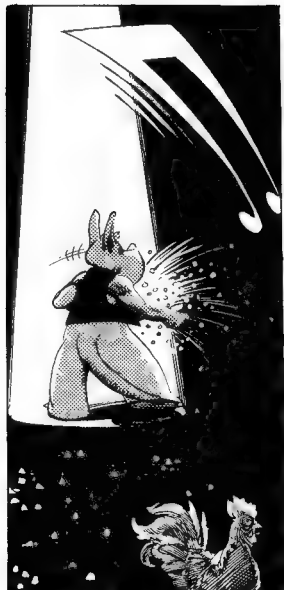
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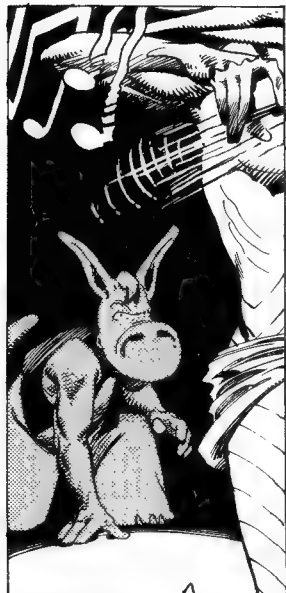
# CEREBUS DREAMS







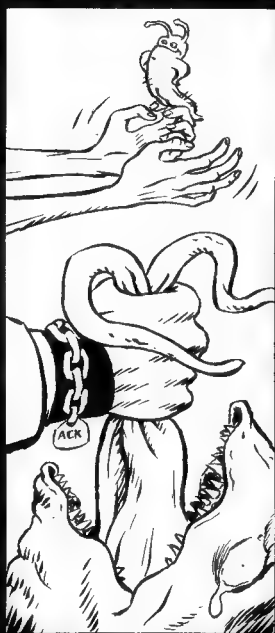














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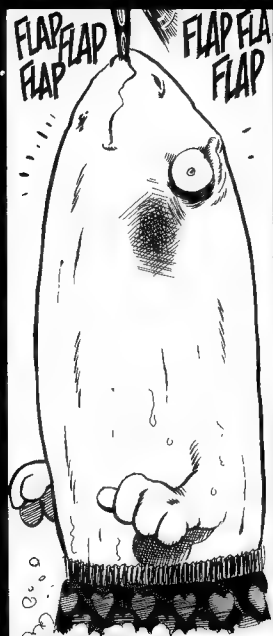
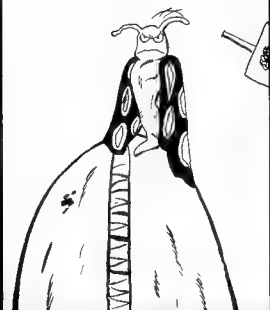
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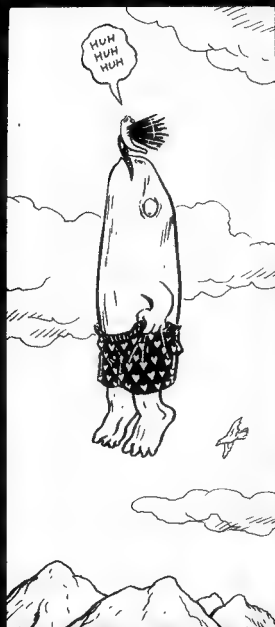


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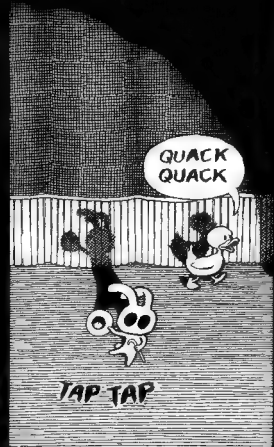






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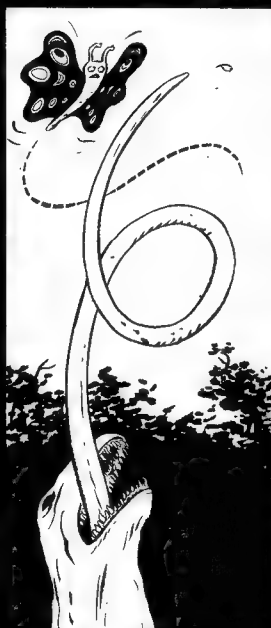


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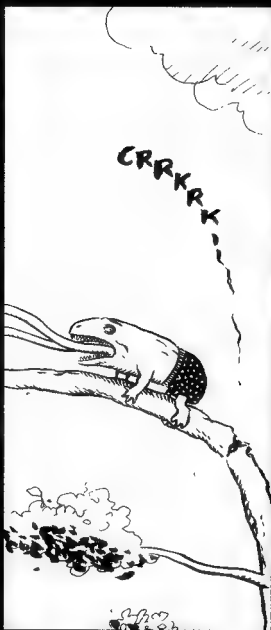


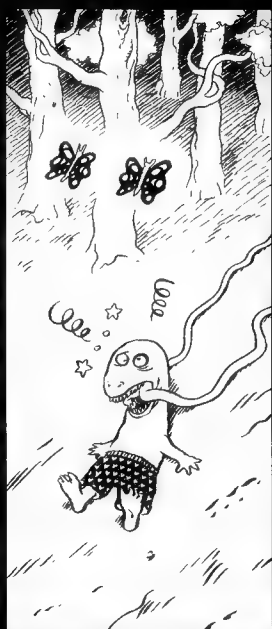
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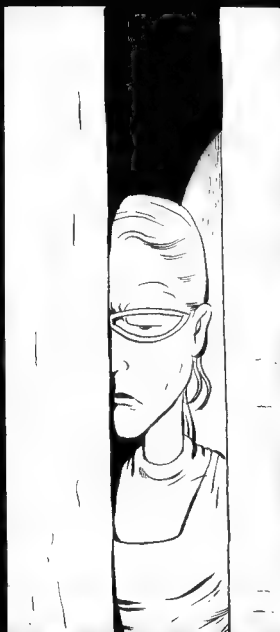
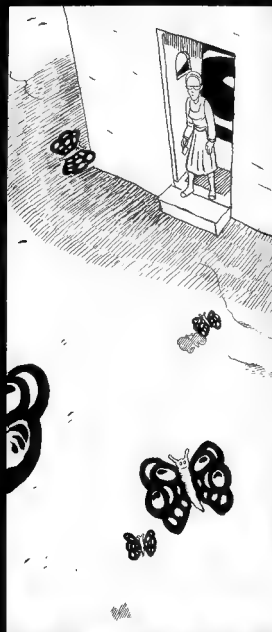








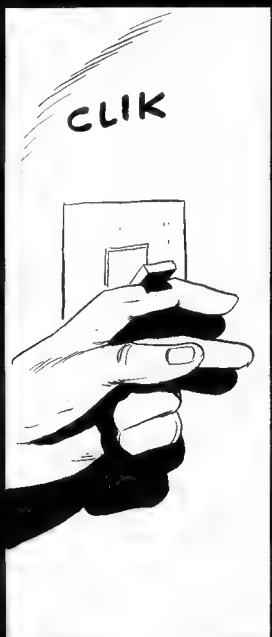




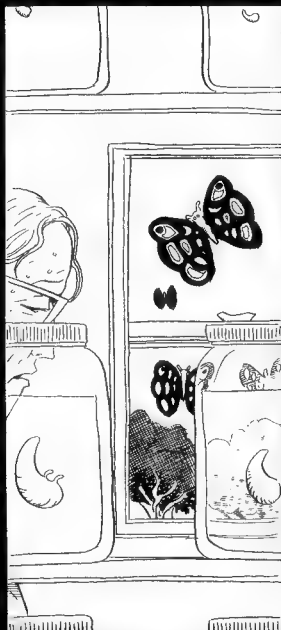
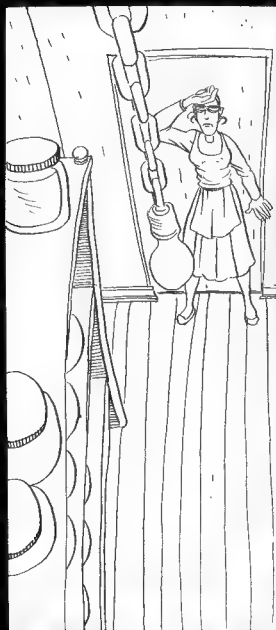




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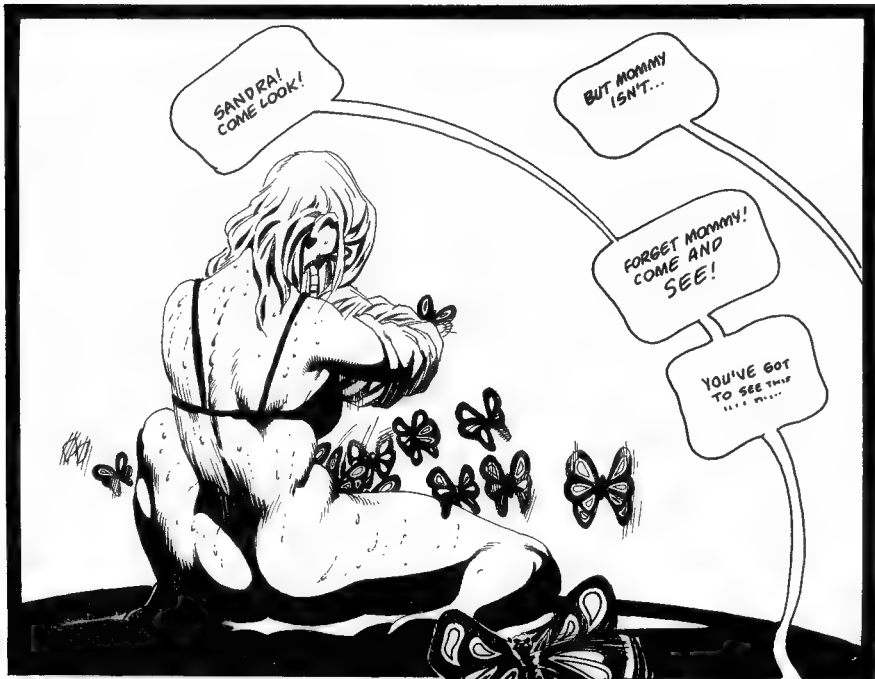












# CEREBUS: THE FIRST HALF

## DAVE SIM CEREBUS

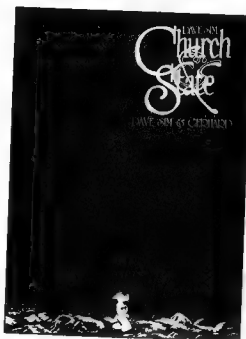


**CEREBUS** reprints Cerebus 1 to 25  
500 pages \$25

The Cerebus volume introduces the cast of characters including Elrod the Albino, Red Sophia, Jaka, the Cockroach (later Captain Cockroach with Elrod as Bunky the Albino), Lord Julius, President Weisshaupt and many more.

**HIGH SOCIETY** reprints Cerebus 26 to 50  
500 pages \$25

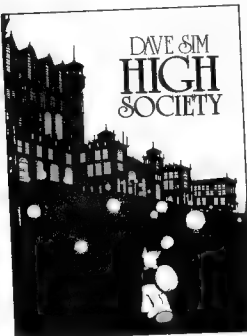
Cerebus gets swept up into the world of high power politics in Iest and runs for Prime Minister. Introduces Astoria, Filgate, Blakely, the Regency Elf, Dirty Fleagle and his brother Dirty Drew McGrew, Duke Leonardi. The Roach becomes Moon Roach and Sergeant Preston of the Royal Mounted Iestan police.



**CHURCH & STATE** Vol. I & II reprints Cerebus 52 to 111  
1200 pages \$30 ea.

One of the longest single stories in the history of comics. Manipulated by President Weisshaupt, Cerebus finds himself married and then finds himself as Pope of the Eastern Church! Introduces Mrs. Henrot-Gutch (Cerebus' mother-in-law), Boobah, Bear, Bishop Powers, Bishop Posey, Mick and Keef and many more. The Roach becomes Wolveroach and the Secret Sacred Wars Roach. Also, in volume II, is the Flaming Carrot cross-over.

## DAVE SIM HIGH SOCIETY

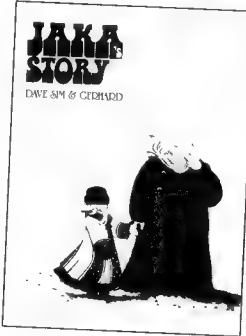


**JAKA'S STORY** reprints Cerebus 114 to 136  
500 pages \$25

Cerebus returns to find his life in ruins and ends up as a houseguest of the love of his life, Jaka, and her new husband Rick. Introduces Oscar the poet, Pud, the tavern-owner, and Mrs. Thatcher.

## JAKA'S STORY

DAVE SIM & CEREBUS



**MELMOTH** reprints Cerebus 139 to 150  
250 pages \$17

Cerebus, mistakenly believing that Jaka is dead, takes up residence in Dino's Cafe, clutching Jaka's childhood doll, Missy and his sword. The other half of the story is a faithful retelling of the last days of Oscar Wilde. The Roach becomes normalroach. Introduces Doris, Dino, Janice, Robbie and Reggie. Cameo appearances by Mick and Keef.

and

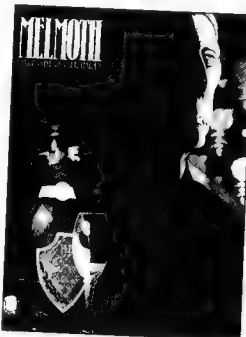
**CEREBUS NUMBER ZERO**  
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# THE SECOND HALF BEGINS HERE

## FLIGHT

DAVE SIM & GERHARD



**FLIGHT** reprints *Cerebus* 151 to 162  
250 pages \$17

*Cerebus* explodes into action in the second half of the 300 issue story-line. Trapped in test, hunted by the Cirinists, *Cerebus* battles back. Featuring Punisherroach as well as the unexpected reappearance of many early *Cerebus* characters, including the first (visual) appearance of Suentus Pol!

## WOMEN

DAVE SIM & GERHARD



**WOMEN** reprints *Cerebus* 163 to 174  
250 pages \$17

The second half continues as Astoria and Cinn contend for the fabled Final Ascension. Features Swoon, Snuff, Sleaze, Sulk and more in the highly-acclaimed (even by Neil Gaiman!) Sandman parody, as well as virtually every female character introduced in the *Cerebus* storyline to date.

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**S**words of *Cerebus* was the original vehicle used to reprint *Cerebus* back in the days when there was scarcely enough material to fill a 'phone book', but more than could be comfortably kept in print in the form of individual issues.

It is symptomatic of the starting self-publisher to want to see his character featured elsewhere. It takes some of the sting out of the realisation that the line of demarcation between self-publishing and 'vanity' press is not that clear in many cases. The 'Magiking' story was originally intended for a Canadian comics annual which vanished as swiftly as it arrived. (I was amenable in those long-gone days to the idea of doing a *Cerebus* story for brainless adolescents). The 'Silverspoon' strips (the *Prince Valiant* parody) originally appeared in the *Comics Buyer's Guide* (a very sneaky way for a productive but largely impoverished self-publisher to get wider exposure and the equivalent of a free full-page ad every week for a few months). Whatever sense of legitimacy these outside appearances granted me at the time has been more than outweighed by the inconvenience of contemplating how to get them back into print

('Magiking' takes place between issues 12 and 13, the 'Silverspoon' strips between issues 13 and 14) without further overstuffing the already over-stuffed first volume in the 'phone book' series. Additionally, there are the *Swords* 'back-up' stories. More bet-hedging, here. A sneaky way to get regular *Cerebus* fans to buy a five-dollar reprint collection of material they already owned. Strange to think, in this day and age of the overpriced hardcover, but there was a time in the direct market when five dollars was a lot of money to spend on less than a hundred pages of material.

Another symptom of the self-publisher is the urge to work with 'popular names from the world of mainstream comics. You know, REAL comic-book creators. Marshall Rogers made quite a name for himself in the late 1970s as one of the legion of 'definitive' *Batman* artists. Other notables in that category included Michael Golden, Walt Simonson and other now less familiar names. Aside from being a good friend, Marshall was also, for a time, my wife's lover. Strange decade, folks. Anyway, it was quite a charitable gesture on his part to pencil a back-up story at a time when his comics career was

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definitely soaring above the clouds. Don't know whatever became of Marshall after he did a stint on the *Batman* newspaper strip a few years back. If I hear from him, I'll send him a cheque. 'The Name of the Game is Diamondback' was the story we did together.

Next up was Joe Rubinstein who, at the time, held the record (and possibly still does) for having worked with more major and minor pencillers than any other inker in mainstream comics. He also studied fine art for a while. I saw an ad in the *Buyer's Guide* a while back placed by an art agent who was selling his original pages or something, so it's nice to know he's still alive. I'll send him a cheque, too, if he sends me a postcard with his new address. We did 'The Morning After' in the second volume of *Swords*.

Gene Day died in 1982, so I can't send him a cheque. Gene was my closest friend in the world, my mentor as a comic-book artist, a stand-up kind of guy. He was impossible not to like. Shortly after being fired from Marvel by Jim Shooter (for breaking Shooter's 'six panels to a page, three rows of two panels each' edict on the innovative run Gene did on *Master of Kung Fu*),

Gene suffered a fatal heart attack at the age of thirty-one. Some months before that, Gene had travelled from eastern Ontario to New York City by train (he refused to fly) to work all weekend on an inking assignment that was late. Tom DeFalco put him up in a roach-infested hotel. When Gene asked to be switched to another hotel — not the Plaza or anything, but one that wasn't roach-infested — Tom DeFalco came up with a wonderful alternative: Gene could sleep in the Marvel reception area. In a building where they shut off the heat at night. In the dead of winter. With his coat thrown over him for warmth. Jim Shooter's *Defiant* comics recently died a well-deserved death. Tom DeFalco is on his way out at Marvel. The best part is, they have to go through the rest of their lives being Jim Shooter and Tom DeFalco. Extreme punishment to be sure, but sometimes it's warranted. Gene inked 'What Happened Between Issues Twenty and Twenty-one?' for *Swords* volume three. *In pace requiescat.*

Barry Windsor-Smith still has the distinction of being the only writer/artist to produce a *Cerebus* story I had nothing to do with: 'Cerebus Dreams'. I swiped a lot of his approach to inking

# blah

Cerebus and I *still* get fan drawings copied from his *Swords* 5 cover. The second most popular Cerebus style is Kevin Eastman's from the cover of the First Comics *Turtles* reprint volume. I run a distant third. I've also done a number of 'Cerebus Dreams' stories since Barry came up with the idea. I'll send him a cheque, but you can be sure — whatever it's made out for — it won't be enough.

By the time the last volume of *Swords of Cerebus* was getting put together, Gerhard was here! Neat, eh? We did 'A Night on the Town' together. If he wants a cheque, he'll write it out for himself.

★★★★★★★★

Chester Brown and Bob Burden were both guests at one of those We're Going To Do The Definitive Toronto Con Toronto cons that happen, it seems, just about every other weekend. I went down to get them and bring them back to Kitchener (Toronto people just HATE it when I do that) to work on a jam story. Bob broke a tooth and went home early, so it was just me and Chet. I ruled up a page, put the

border tapes on and asked him to draw the first panel. Then I sat down and did the second panel. Then he did the third panel. We kept the story going by mail (until, unfortunately, the 1992 U.S. Tour planning knocked it off my list of priorities). We'll get it going again. Chet suggested that we get some other guys in on it, which sounds like a good idea. Don't know WHOM we'd get, but it sounds like a good idea. I feel safe in saying that, whatever happens, the story will *never* make any sense. That's half the fun right there.

I told Chet I'd send him a cheque when I asked him about printing the story here. He said the thought hadn't occurred to him. So I told him I *won't* be sending him a cheque and not to think about it at all anymore.

★★★★★★★★

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